The MISSILE

PHS

MARCH

1926

-LUM-

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Sonnet	Cherie Burgess	1
Claibourne's Ghost	Mary Barlow	2
The Mist	Janie Ruffin	4
The Pamunkey Indians	Sadie Usher	5
The Daisies	Mary Bradsher	7
Radio to the Rescue	Robert Morris	8
The Brook's Song	Grace M. Nunnally	10
Courtesy	John Barrett	10
The Happy Maytime	Harvey Seward	12
Quite a Surprise	Mary Robertson	13
The Lost Ship	Carter Myers	16
Lies and Liars	Arthur E. Dance	16
The First Flower	Harvey Seward	18
A Dog's Revenge	Mildred Southall	18
Rest	Janie Ruffin	21
Bootleggers	Elise Brown	22
A Friend	Lucy Pilcher	23
Wanted—A Well Dressed Wife	William Hawkins	23
The Winds	Fred Cole	24
Jealousy	Leroy Tench	25
Sorrow	Elise Brown	26
The Atheist	Whitworth Cotton	27
Editorial Comment		28
Little Missiles		30
Scraps		33
Advertisements		35

Published four times a year by the Students of the Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Petersburg, Virginia.

Subscription rates: **15** cents the copy, **25** cents the term, **50** cents the year.

THE MISSILE

SONNET

By Cherie Burgess

I let my paddles rest and move along
With the slow-moving current, and I see
And feel the quiet beauty of each tree
And the loveliness of sound of each bird's song.
Above my head and on each side so strong
And beautiful arch the trees. And wild and free
The song of birds bursts out; the flowers I see
Are so beautiful. And doesn't it seem wrong
That they must all be sacrificed to make
Perhaps a piece of paper or a ball,—
Some insignificant thing that man might need?
He will destroy the loveliest wood for the sake
Of a house that is not beautiful at all,
Or the fairest bird to obey some fashion's creed.

CLAIBOURNE'S GHOST

By Mary Barlow

The town clock struck twelve as Mr. Claibourne, the most prominent wholesale dealer, and the man who for a long time had been considered the wealthiest widower in the city in which by chance he had come to dwell, locked the door of his private office. As he stepped into the street, the town lights flickered and went out. Mr. Claibourne quickly closed his eyes a second to accustom them to the sudden change. But a noise on a far-off hill top caused him to open them as quickly, and by so doing he saw, along the black lines of the street, a grey form slowly moving towards him. His first impulse was to flee for home by the shortest route; therefore, he turned down an alley on Twenty-fourth Street.

A midnight star leaped free of its cloud veils and spread a tiny white light upon the black-bordered side-walk, which wove its way through the Witches' Alley. In the center of this alley a dark formless bulk crouched low and wailed into the night like a wounded something, just human. Mr. Claibourne tried to close his ears, and rushed on, but the creature of lament only wailed the louder and did not stir until the former was a few steps in advance. Then the dark bulk rose up as the form of a man the exact size of Mr. Claibourne, and silently joined him in the walk. This was the third time this stranger had joined him on his walk home, and it was beginning to wear on his nerves. Why he should be so panic-stricken he could not tell. But one thing was certain: he walked no farther; he ran and his companion seemed to keep in reach with ease. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Claibourne, breathless, entered the door of his son-in-law, to whom a few years ago he had at first bitterly refused to give the hand of his only daughter. Fortunately Robert and his wife had not retired.

"Have a seat," said Robert as he drew forward a large arm chair. Years of experience had taught him to control his emotions, and no one could have ever guessed that it was anything unusual for Mr. Claibourne to come in at this hour.

Neither spoke as they sat in deep meditation, while rings of cigar smoke circled around their heads. Mr. Claibourne recovered enough to answer bluntly a few questions asked by Robert.

"If you wish me to look into this matter you will have to tell me all. Didn't you have some trouble with a very near relative of yours a long time ago; before you came to this town, perhaps?"

There was one incident in Mr. Claibourne's life that he had never related and had no idea of bringing to light now, since he believed it to have nothing to do with his present problem. Therefore, his big, blue eyes only bulged more

than ever as he stared at his questioner.

"Now," said Robert, "tell me if you please the appearance of this stranger. The color of his eyes and so forth."

"I have never seen his face, or, if I have, I do not remember," nervously answered Mr. Claibourne.

"Well, I will tell you: he has large, blue eyes, a small black mustache and is the same height and size as you. No one can run away from one's self."

The father-in-law never said a word, only straightened up in his chair and stared at the floor. How his son-in-law knew all this was more than he could tell.

When Mr. Claibourne rose to go, they had decided that he should remain in his office late the next Friday night. He was to leave at an appointed time, and Robert and another fellow were to follow him. He was to stop at a certain corner and delay the stranger, if he was along, until Robert could get there to solve the mystery.

At last Friday night came. Mr. Claibourne was in his private office, but not with his mind on his books. The appointed time came; he locked the door and slowly moved down the dismal alley. The night was darker than ever, and the wind was howling around the corner of an old deserted building. The blinds were hanging by one hinge and squeaked like an out-of-tune instrument, as the wind whistled through the open shutters. In the distance peals of thunder were heard, and now and then a sharp streak of lightning flashed across the sky. All this was enough to frighten the poor man, and he had for a moment almost forgotten the stranger. A chill passed through his body as he glanced over his left shoulder, and recognized the same dark object as had been haunting him so long. The form stepped up by his side, but not a word was uttered as they hurried on down Witches' Alley. Although Mr. Claibourne knew he was almost running, it seemed as if his feet had iron balls hanging to them.

Suddenly he came to a stop under a dim street lamp on the appointed corner.

"Who are you, and why are you following me?" sharply asked Mr. Claibourne. The stranger never answered a word, only lifted his mask, and his eyes sought those of his questioner. This was more than he could endure. He was unable to wait longer for Robert, so he placed his faith in his feet, and reached his home breathless; ran through the door, upstairs, and into his room. Five minutes later his follower reached the same mansion and entered the same room. The servants thought he was their master with one of his mad fits.

The storm raged, clap after clap; the thunder roared and seemed to jar the whole earth, while the lightning ran from tree to tree. In the dark alley and streets hurried Robert and his friend. Finally they reached the corner, which was no longer lighted, except by lightning. They found no one there.

"Oh! I might have known this,"

sighed Robert, "but we have no time to lose. Hurry, or it will be too late."

The street cars had all stopped; therefore they had no quicker way of reaching the house than by foot. The minutes seemed like hours as they hurried through the streets, which were already full of water.

On the second floor of the oldest and largest mansion in the city, behind locked doors, were two of the most miserable men.

"Bodger," said the unknown, "you have reached your journey's end, the end of a pistol. For thirty-five years I have been looking for you. It must be settled now and forever."

At this moment a crash of thunder followed by a flash of lightning changed the scene. Like an echo of the same crash the door went down. Robert rushed in bearing a light. In a large chair by a table lay Mr. Claibourne unconscious, and sprawled forward upon the table, his hands tightly clutched around a gleaming box that seemed a mass of light itself, lay the twin brother of Mr. Claibourne.

THE MIST

By Janie Ruffin

Last night there o'er the world did hover
The ghost of the earth's departed lover.
He gently gathered her in his arms,
And stood enchanted by many charms.
He came with the darkness as cover.

He hurried quickly far away
When morn approach'd with the sun's first ray.
One fleeting glance he backward cast
As o'er the grayish mead he passed
And left her then the bride of day.

THE PAMUNKEY INDIANS

By Sadie Usher

Who does not remember the story of the Indian Princess Pocahontas? The present Pamunkey Indians are descendants of the famous Chief Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas.

Pamunkey (from pam—sloping, slanting; anki—mountain, highland), sloping hill or rising upland, is a tract of land, to the extent of eight hundred acres, in what is now King William County, Virginia, which begins at the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattaponi Rivers: as Captain John Smith said, "where the river is divided the country is called Pamunkey."

The Pamunkey Indains were the leading tribe of the Powhatan Confederacy of Virginia, and still keep up a recognized tribal organization. At the time of the settlement at Jamestown in 1607, they occupied the same territory as at the present time, being estimated by Smith to number about six hundred warriors or one thousand souls.

Their principal town, destroyed by the English in 1625, was probably not far from the present West Point. They took a leading part in the early wars with the English up to the death of Opechancanough, and in consequence were among the greatest sufferers. In 1654 they suffered another heavy loss in the death of their chief, Totopotomoi, with nearly one hundred of his warriors, who had marched to the assistance of the English in repelling an invasion of the mountain tribes. In 1675 their "queen," known as Queen Anne, widow of Totopotomoi, again furnished help against the frontier raiders in Bacon's Rebellion. For her services on this occasion she received special recognition from the English Government. In 1722, when the Pamunkey last appear in a public treaty, they were said to number only about two hundred. Jefferson in 1781 reported them to number about sixty of tolerably pure blood.

In early colonial days the State of Virginia set aside this tract of land for the remnants of the Pamunkey Indians. This was an act of common right and justice. Yet, these Indians began almost at once to admit into their reservation the freed negroes or mulattoes and to intermarry with them.

In 1843 one hundred and forty-four citizens of King William County sent a lengthy petition to the legislature, praying that this reservation, as a matter of safety to that county, be abolished and the land sold. These citizens as slave holders protested against the continuance of this reservation, saying that it assumed all the features of a legally established body of free negroes, the general resort of free negroes from all parts of the country, "the haunts of vice, where the worthless and abandoned white man

may resort to find everything to gratify his depraved appetite; where spiritous liquors are retailed without license, the ready asylum of runaway slaves, and a secure harbor for everyone who wishes concealment." This petition was rejected February 27, 1843.

Men who have spent a great deal of their time investigating this state of affairs assert that there is today not an Indian in Virginia unmixed with negro blood.

The present tribal government consists of a chief, elected every four years by the Indians within the reservation, and a council of five men also within the reservation. There are seven white trustees appointed by the Governor of Virginia from the State; this appointment is only a matter of form, as under the law they have no special authority either in the government of the tribe or in the management of their property. Their position is advisory to the tribe. The Indians are subject to the laws of the State of Virginia, including prohibition, and any crime committed by them, if it is a violation of the State laws, is tried in the courts of King William County, their punishment being the same as that of other criminals. They pay no taxes and do not vote, unless they are properly outside the reservation. They are allowed certain privileges on the reservation, such as keeping stores for which they pay no license. It is very seldom that cases are brought into the court of King William County under the jurisdiction of which the reservation is situated. But a violation of the tribal government is tried by the chief and his council; usually the violator is fined.

The chief together with his assistants allots to the various members of the tribe their proper portion of land, upon which they reside, and the general management of the property rights is conducted entirely by themselves. If a person leaves the tribe, his land is allotted to some one else.

The population of the Pamunkey Reservation is about one hundred and ninety, or twenty-one families.

These Indians attend a Baptist Church of which the Rev. L. H. Suddit is pastor. I asked Chief Cook how their penal system was managed and was awed by his answer, "When a member violates the tribal law, he is fined, but, as ninety per cent of the Indians are members of the church and are Christians, very few fines are collected." I wonder if we were asked a similar question, could we answer as truthfully as did this old Indian chief?

The school system is similar to that of country schools. There are seven grades taught by Mrs. Julia Lyle, who resides at White House, Virginia. She takes a great interest in the welfare of these Indians, and they are fond of her who teaches them to become intellectual leaders of their tribe.

Each year the tribe holds a meeting to which the trustees and a number of white citzens of the

State are invited. At this meeting the tribe furnishes a sumptuous dinner of fish and other eatables; the whites are the guests and the Indians wait upon them, but do not partake of the meal with their white guests.

Chief George Cook, the present chief, has served six successive terms, and is an old man with several children.

The men hunt and fish; the women and children make beads, rings and other souvenirs, which they sell to visitors.

Bibliography:

Indian Bureau,
Department of Interior,
Washington, D. C.

Dr. W. A. Plecker, Registrar of Vital Statistic of Virginia, Richmond, Virginia.

Pamphlets issued by State Board of Health, Richmond, Virginia.

Petition from citizens of King William County, Virginia, (1843) to the General Assembly of Virginia.

History of King William County issued by County Council, King William Courthouse, Va.

Encyclopaedia Britannica—Vol. XIV., Edition XI.

H. I. Lewis, Commonwealth Attorney of King William County.

Mrs. Julia Kyle's "American Indians" in Virginia Journal of Education.

Chief Cook, Pamunkey Indian Reservation.

THE DAISIES

By Mary Bradsher

How like the fairies gay
Who, dancing round so bright,
Bow on the bright green way
Adorned in gold and white,
Swaying to and fro
In the dusky pale moonlight,
The little daisies blow
Dressed in yellow and white.

RADIO TO THE RESCUE

By Robert Morris

It was a hot summer day in July. Ben Wilson, town marshal of Silent Creek, Texas, was at his usual busy job—a job of sleeping. The marshal seemed to be dreaming peacefully when he was awakened by several loud knocks on the door. He jumped up with a start. "Come in," he shouted very gruffly, apparently very angry because he had been disturbed from his daily nap.

A small man with a black box in his hand made his appearance. "Mr. Wilson, I presume," said the stranger. "My name is Jones, Arthur Jones, and I represent the U. Sellem and U. Buyyem Radio Company of Califrisco. I have come to interest you in our new radio set which has just been put on the market."

"I suppose that's it you got under your arm," remarked Ben. "I'm not very much interested in them things, but suppose you let me see what one looks like."

"Brother," replied the salesman, "I'm-er-goin' to show you how wonderful our new set is. I'm-er-goin' to bring the whole world right bang into this room with you. And not only that, but I'm goin' to introduce you to President Coolidge, Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, Uncle Wiggly, and lot more of them famous people."

"Hum, that sounds pretty good," said the sheriff, "but I'm from Missouri, and you surely got to show me. By the way, what kind of a set do you call it?"

"That set is called a Super-Hetro-Helix and it's an excellent set," replied Jones. "I will let you have it for about thirty bones, and that's mighty cheap."

"Are you sure it will work?" inquired the marshal. "Suppose you give me a demonstration."

"With pleasure," said Jones. "Are there any electric wires around here?"

"Sure, they run all over this office," answered the marshal.

With this knowledge, Jones went to the window and found the wires. He then took a long coil of wire from his pocket and threw it over one of the wires. Returning to the table he attached one end of the coil to the set.

"It's now ready to work," he explained. "All you have to do is to put the phones on and tune in."

Ben looked over the set curiously.

"What did you throw that wire over those electric light wires for? What's the idea of those lights in the set?"

The salesman seemed nervous. "Why-er," he said, "when anybody sends out a message from the station the sound waves go through the air. When they hit this wire, they slide down it to this set. Those lights show them the way. Then you hear music."

The marshal gave him the money, and Jones left, promising to return the next day.

"Queer fellow, that Jones," re-

marked Ben. "I suppose I'd better finish my snooze now. I'll work that thing tonight."

That night found Ben eagerly turning the dials on his radio. He worked desperately, but could not get a sound.

"I always thought that fellow was a humbug," he remarked. "I have sure been stung this time."

He was about to quit in disgust when he was startled to hear a human voice speaking.

"Hello! Hello! Hello! Willie?"

Ben listened attentively. He had heard that voice before. Now it came to him. It was that of his salesman who had sold him the radio. Another voice answered.

"Yeah, is that you, Harker? Where in heck are you at? Did you fix it with the sheriff?"

"I'm at the drug store across from his office," came the answer. "I sure fixed that old relic. He'll be working that set all night. And say, he doesn't even suspect I stole the old contraption. More than that, he believed everything I told him."

"Never mind all that," returned Willie. "Don't you forget that the mail coach arrives at 8:30. Meet me at the bend at 8 o'clock sharp. And here's some good news, too: I heard that there's over a thousand in gold dust on it. Don't forget. So long."

Ben was up in a moment. He quickly got together a band of volunteers, all heavily armed. They were off down the road in a few minutes.

Soon after 8 o'clock, when the mail coach approached the bend, two men were more than surprised when they found themselves looking into the barrels of about ten shotguns.

The men were arrested and later sentenced to do a long stretch up the river for many charges of highway robbery.

"Say, brother," proudly remarked the marshal, "the next time you give a radio demonstration, be careful where you throw the aerial."

THE BROOK'S SONG

By Grace M. Nunnally

I sat beside a brook that murmured low,
That sang and smiled as it slowly trickled by,
And in whose depths was mirrored the azure sky;
It whispered tales of sweet laden winds that blow,
And as it moved on its course so smooth and slow,
This tale it told to the flowers that stood by;
It's song was sweeter than that of birds that fly;
This its burden I keep, this much I know—
"Tomorrow comes,—tomorrow—a day like this;
Think not of it, but be content today,
And live but for today's so happy bliss,
For tomorrow may be far, yes, far away,
Or never come, and we should never miss
A chance that this world offers to be gay."

COURTESY

By John Barrett

Courtesy is something that will carry you a long way, and it is one of the easiest things to have. It is not something that has to be purchased with money, for no matter how poor we are, we can be polite and conduct ourselves in a mannerly way. I think some of the poorest people are often the most polite. Maybe this is because the rich people think they don't need to be courteous just because they have that great sought-after thing—money. But which do you think has the better chance for success, the courteous poor person or the rich person without courtesy? Now, of course, I don't mean that all rich people are not courteous or anything of that kind, but I just want to show that courtesy does not cling to one class any more than to another. It's something that everyone can have, and all that is needed is to put it into practice. Courtesy is something that should be practiced all the time. If we do this, we'll find that it pays us well for the little effort we have to make.

In our school life, it would be well to make this practice. You may not feel as if you have time to do someone a little favor, but I don't believe you will lose any-

thing in the end by doing any little act of courtesy. Instead of this, I believe you will gain. It shows that you have self-respect enough to think about other people. If you accidentally step upon someone's foot (which is very unavoidable at times), it's a lot better to say, "Pardon me," than it is to say nothing at all, or, "Oh, why didn't you get out of my way?" You can see that the first is the shorter, but it shows that you have some respect for other people's feelings.

I think we should show respect to all people, and especially to our teachers. What is so provoking to a teacher as to have someone interrupt him when he is in the middle of a discussion on some lesson? Sometimes it is through ignorance that we interrupt a class (I mean that we don't know a class is going on), but it is said that ignorance is no excuse in the eyes of the law; so we have to suffer the consequences.

The study hall is a favorite place for talking, and in some instances I've known pupils to get up and sharpen their pencils, get magazines, and other things while the teacher was calling the roll. This is surely not being courteous.

They may not mean anything by this, but it does not show up well for high school students. Making any unnnecessary disturbance is surely not being courteous to the teacher or to other pupils who are studying, or at least trying to study.

Assemblies are conducted for our benefit and enjoyment. We should take stock in them. but we should not get to the point of disregarding the speaker in our eagerness to applaud someone who has just entered. I think this depends a great deal upon who is speaking and who is making his entrance. I don't think it is being polite to the principal or some person outside of the school to interrupt them by applause for some fellow-student. I should think that in this instance it would be much better to save the applause until the end of the talk. We don't mean to be impolite at times, but we just don't think how such things will seem to other people.

The value of being polite may not be evident to you now, but as you go on through life, I'm sure you will see the advantages it has. Courtesy is something everybody has been taught; why not put it into practice? It is often the smallest things that count most. Some little things that we could do and never realize that we had done anything might make a lasting favorable impression on someone with whom we might come in contact.

Courtesy and truthfulness are two great factors in the make-up of anyone. These ought to go together, as one seems to call for the other. I don't believe this is always the case, but it would be well to try to make it so.

I just happened to think of a little rhyme which, no doubt, you have all heard:

"A little dab of powder,
A little dab of paint,
Make a merry widow
Look as if she ain't."

Referring to courtesy and truth, particularly in the school, and in imitation of the above, I suggest that:

"A little bit of courtesy,
A little bit of truth,
Make a high school student
A very pleasing youth."

THE HAPPY MAYTIME

By Harvey Seward

Out in the happy Maytime,
Out in the warm spring days,
The children rush from their duties
To be happy in all kinds of ways.
O ! to be out in the Sunshine
And there to play all the days!

There in the happy Sunshine,
There in the sweet May day,
To leave the cares of the Winter
And lie in the new-mown hay.
O ! to be free for all time,
And live in the sun's bright ray !

And there, on the tiny mill-pond
That gently laps the shore,
The white swans lazily doze,
And the birds do love to soar;
There, it seems that a fairy's wand
Has been waved in the whole out-door.

QUITE A SURPRISE

By Mary Robertson

Page gave a deep sigh as she looked at herself in the large mirror. Why was she sighing? It was not because she wasn't pretty or rich, for the mirror portrayed a lovely girl about eighteen years old with a clear complexion, light curly hair, and pretty blue eyes. She was rich and had a beautiful little blue roadster, all her own, but she was not popular. As she sat before the mirror, she was thinking to herself, "Why wasn't I asked to go to the dance tonight? I have a new evening dress."

It was not because she was not liked, for all the boys were polite and spoke to her kindly. She even went with the girls to the movies, but she always felt left out in their conversation. She was with the bunch in person, but not in thought. She did not really enjoy herself.

While she was thus revolving these mysterious ideas in her mind, the door suddenly opened and Mrs. Grey rushed hurriedly in. She carried a letter in her hand which she handed to Page telling her to read it. Page read it and handed it to her mother. Mrs. Grey seemed somewhat disappointed.

"Why, Betty, aren't you just delighted that you have been asked to spend Thanksgiving in Thornton with your cousin Jane?" asked Mrs. Grey.

"I'm afraid not," answered Betty as she shook her head slowly, "it will be the same everywhere I go. I just won't have a good time at all."

Then followed a regular debate, Page arguing that she didn't have any pretty clothes, she was not feeling well, etc., Mrs. Grey arguing that Page had prettier clothes than Jane, because Mr. Grey was much wealthier than Jane Hamilton's father. She said that it was a week before Thanksgiving and Page would be all right by then, and that Page needed a change.

Mrs. Grey evidently must have won the debate, for early Wednesday morning, the day before Thanksgiving, Page was on the train on her way to Thornton. This morning she looked unusually pretty, but somewhat sad. She was dreaming of how she was to spend the holidays and why Jane had asked her to come. (For Page, in all her life, had never stayed with Jane before or even been asked to stay. In fact, she had not seen Jane for three years).

Page was so absorbed in dreaming that she did not realize that she was at Thornton until she saw Jane. She recognized her by her new blue Buick. She gave a start and soon appeared in the door. As she stepped off the train, there was Jane ready to greet her. Jane was not alone, for there were five boys there in

her car. As they neared the car, Jane said, "Boys, meet my cousin, Page Grey, from Greenville." Betty smiled and made a slight bow. Soon she found herself on the back seat with three young boys. All seemed pleased with her. She was so entertaining, they thought. Especially one boy, John Morgan, could hardly keep from gazing at her. Page had already noticed how handsome he was.

Soon the boys were gone, and Page was on the front seat with Jane. These two girls formed a striking contrast, Page with her light curly hair and blue eyes, and Jane with her straight black hair and dark brown eyes. Now they stopped in front of a huge brick house, and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton came out to greet them. Both of them were amazed at Page's beauty. They had not seen her since she was fifteen years old. Everyone seemed so kind to her that Page thought surely she must be dreaming.

During Page's stay she was so popular that Jane was almost jealous of her, but she was delighted to know that she was having a good time. (For Mrs. Grey had written Jane about Page's unpopularity, and Jane had determined to overcome this).

Page did not need to tell Jane she was having a good time, because she showed it in her face.

On the day for Page to leave Thornton, John Morgan, who had a special liking for Page by now, carried her in his new car to the station. This morning she had a certain sadness in her eyes, for she dreaded the thought of going back into the old life again. She felt as if she were a beautiful butterfly, free and happy, going into her dark and gloomy shell to turn into a horried cocoon. John was thinking of how popular she must be at home and how she would soon forget him entirely. Neither one had time to say much, for there was only five minutes to get to the station and buy a ticket. When they reached the station, they found that the train would be an hour late. John as well as Page was delighted. They went back into John's car and talked together.

Page soon found out that John's aunt, Mrs. Morgan, lived just two blocks down the street from her. Mrs. Morgan was very fond of John and had asked him to come to stay with her very often, but John had refused each time, saying that he knew practically no one. Page visited her often as Mrs. Morgan was very fond of her. Sometimes she told her of her nephew ,John, and how she wished he would come and stay with her, for she had no children of her own. To think that Page Grey was talking to John Morgan himself! They laughed together.

A sudden idea entered John's head. He would go to see his aunt on the same train with Page. Surely he would for he had almost a half an hour now. He left Page and was now on his way home. His parents were almost dumbfounded at John's sudden decision, yet they were delighted. They knew how pleased Mrs. Morgan would be.

Soon John and Page were on the train for Greenville.

The boys at Greenville had heard how popular Page was at Thornton. They were all at the station waiting for her. As the train pulled in John saw them and mumbled to himself, "Just as I had thought." Page saw them, but it never occurred to her that they were waiting for her. She thought that some one of the girls was coming home and they were there to meet her. When she appeared in the doorway, they yelled, "Page, Page." She was very much astonished, but she only smiled at them all. They, too, were astonished at her beauty and grace. They wondered why they had not noticed this before. John was introduced to all the boys, and they wondered why he came with Page.

Soon John was on his way down Elm Street to Mrs. Morgan's, while Page rang the doorbell loudly. Soon Mrs. Grey opened the door, and, upon seeing Page, exclaimed, "Why, Page, you don't even look like the same girl!" While Page was telling her mother about her pleasant trip and about John, the boys were continuously talking of Page. "She beats anything I have ever seen," remarked one.

Just then the phone rang. Page's heart beat rapidly. She thought it was John, but it was Mrs. Morgan.

"Hello, Page," called a sweet voice over the phone, "I want you to come to see me right away, my dear, I have a big surprise for you."

"Certainly I will come," replied Page. (Page knew all the time what the surprise would be).

Page put on one of her pretty dresses and was soon on her way down Elm Street to Mrs. Morgan's house.

Soon she found herself in Mrs. Morgan's dainty parlor, guessing what the surprise was. She guessed pies, cake, candy, beads, hot rolls, etc., but each time Mrs. Morgan shook her head, smiling to herself.

"Well, I'll have to give up then," said Page.

"It's me," exclaimed John, as he jumped from behind the piano, suddenly.

John winked at Page and she returned the wink with a smile. Mrs. Morgan was slightly troubled at first, but soon she began, "Now, Page, this is the boy I have been telling you about. I want you to meet ————." Before Mrs. Morgan could finish her sentence, Page said, "John Morgan." He now had Page in his arms, and they were laughing together at the amazed expression on the small, round pace of Mrs. Morgan, who looked as if she did not know what to do.

Then Page spoke up.

"Why, Mrs. Grey, I thought you had a surprise for me. I have been knowing John quite a while. I met him in Thornton, and he came here with me on the same train to Greenville."

"Auntie," put in John, "we're going to Canada on the same train this Christmas on our honeymoon. Aren't we, Page?"

"Yes, John," she whispered as she raised her eyes and looked full into his face.

THE LOST SHIP

By Carter Myers

When the waves wash up upon the yellow sand
And bring with them the mast of some great ship,
As I look it takes me with a sudden grip;
I can almost see the ship in some far land,
And I see the captain who is in command
Shouting the many orders for the trip;
And when the sails fill out with a sudden rip,
The ship moves off from the safety of the strand.
Not one of these brave men had any fear,
That they would ne'er again return from sea,
Nor that their ship would wash upon the beach;
But one can never tell when death is near,
And when it comes, quite ready you must be
If you desire a goodly place to reach.

LIES AND LIARS

By Arthur E. Dance

When a scientist starts an analysis of a certain thing he divides that particular object of study into classes, and that's exactly what I intend to do.

First, let's take the more obvious class.

"You're a liar!" Doesn't that express indignation, carrying with it all kinds of contempt and hatred? To the school kid of the grammar grades, this means a scrap, and usually some one is scrapped until the application of hot cloths and "arnica." To the business man it is as much of an insult (that is, when it is said with a hostile tone), as a slap in the face.

There is quite a large family of lies. Black Lie is the old man himself; White Lie is a direct descendant; fibs, tales, stories, gossip and confidential secrets and the like are all of that genealogy.

Sometimes it's mighty easy to resort to just a little fib or two, isn't it? A professional liar does not think it probable or possible that anyone can exist without a story or two. You can't get away with just one—one always calls for another.

All down through history—

from poor old Adam to our own day—lies have greatly influenced the world.

Adam was the first victim of a lie, because he was the first person. Geoffrey of Manmouth stung the whole world with that patriotic lie of his. You can scarcely pick up a classic that has not some form of lie or story in it. Even in the dead Latin and Greek mythology you run across old antique, moth-eaten tales. Troy fell by a lie; the United States were saved by what you might call a well acted lie; Germany almost conquered Europe by the power of a lie.

But do you have to dig up long-dead history? Lies and fibs didn't die with the birth of Washington. He was such a truthful man, people told lies about his truth, a lie which is more famous than his crossing of the Delaware. "George Washington cut down his father's cherry tree." You never stop to think whether it was a peach or an apple or an oak tree he cut, nor whether he used a cross-cut saw, a knife or an ex—it was a hatchet, yet you'll ponder and puzzle over the date on which he ran his heroic excursion across the Delaware.

Personally, I think I have been duped on quite a number of fibs. How many times have you heard this? "Now, that's all right, open your mouth, it's not bad." Ugh! Milk of magnesia, nuxated iron, or the oil that made Castor notorious. Just a little pervarication, yet it helped the cause. Sometimes we wonder if teachers know exactly what they're talking about when they make the assertion that a particular test is not going to be hard. "But, oh!—the difference to me!"

These things we call lies are funny things—something like bad pennies, they nearly always come back to us in some form or other—usually much modified and remodeled. Speaking of Geoffrey of Monmouth's story, do you suppose he'd recognize it if he were to pick up a modern version of it or see the "Connecticut Yankee?"

People have to change their stories to suit the age. Do you suppose little Scipio or Virgil could have gotten by if they were to say the street car broke down when they came in late to school? Neither can you say the hour glass stopped up or the water clock dried up when you come home from a "late date."

It surely is a pity that such men as Washington, Lincoln and Wilson didn't write more to study so that we would have to study truth instead of studying such tales as those of Virgil, Homer, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Alexander Pope and the rest of those fellows.

Well, we can't blame any of them—we don't like too much deep stuff, and we hardly ever tire of old fibs and stories and lies, and all the writing and work we can do will not exterminate this sometime hated and sometime beloved custom of lying.

THE FIRST FLOWER

By Harvey Seward

O ! down in the depths of the forest,
O! down by the rushing streams,
Hidden away under the leaves,
The flower awakes from its dreams.

There it has lain all winter
Covered by ice and snow;,
Far from the gaze of the traveler,
Hid from the wind's wintry blow.

But, now at the call of the sunshine
And the birds that sing in the trees,
The first Spring flower awakens—
A flower that no one sees.

And there, all alone in the forest,
All unheeded it blooms away;
With only the birds for companions
And the sun—one tiny ray.

A DOG'S REVENGE

By Mildred Southall

Clifford was a trapper on the northern, coast of Alaska. Spot his dog, was a great, splendid, husky dog and looked like an Arctic wolf from a distance. His shiny coat resembled that of the wolf, but looking in his eyes, one could see that he was only a dog.

On a fatal day about a week before they were going to leave, Spot did not mind his master's sharp command to go across some thin ice over a marshy bog as quickly as was desired, so he received a kick in the ribs and a crack over his head with a whip. The kick broke several ribs, and the whip almost caused Spot to lose the sight of one eye.

Spot had lain for days in the back of his master's tent without food or water, for he was too weak to go for it. Clifford thought he was playing off, and would

only give him a kick in the ribs with his toe. Spot finally became too weak to snarl at his master's angry words or cruel licks. Then Clifford, realizing he was about to lose his best lead-dog, began to doctor Spot, but what was the use of trying to save a dying dog? His pelts were more valuable to him; so he went about his traps, leaving Spot to live or die.

Spring came suddenly, and Clifford harnessed his dogs to go south to a trading post. There he would sell his pelts that he had taken in the winter.

Spot had seen the tent taken down for several years, at the beginning of spring, and whined when Clifford started taking it down. He knew that it meant that his master was going down the coast. Spot watched with sad eyes and mournful whines, as the new lead dog was snapped into his place.

Clifford look at Spot, then picked up the rifle and counted the cartridges. He had only ten left, just enough to secure food until he reached the trading post. He raised the rifle and then lowered it with a frown. What was the use? His dog had played him a mean trick by not minding and it would be too easy for Spot if he killed him. Let him die. If he starved it would be a good way to punish him.

Clifford gave the command, and cracked his whip over the dogs' backs. The dogs started with a jerk, and away they went over the dazzling ice on to the trading post. Spot lay on the snow watching his teammates go out of sight, whining pitifully. He then tried to follow them, staggering a little ways, and then gave up; he was too weak.

He whined for his lost partners, then went to sleep without fear of a kick in his ribs. In the early morning Spot staggered around for food, and found a few scraps left by his teammates. The food gave him new strength, but the fever still burned. He crawled by slow degrees down to the water's edge. The cold water helped the burning in his throat and the fever.

He then crept back to camp feeling a good bit stronger. There was nothing left in the deserted camp to eat, so in the afternoon he crawled down to the shore, and along the water's edge until he came to some dead fish that had washed to the shore. The fish was bitter, but Spot's hunger was greater, and after eating his fill, he went to sleep. When he awoke, he ate another full meal and crept back to the lonely camp.

In Spot's heart and mind came the thoughts of his master's cruelty. Now the hatred began to well up in his lonely heart. His master had deserted him, left him to starve. Why should he care for his master? He could only remember cruel blows and angry words. He missed his companions, and would sit by the hour howling. Each time only the echo would come back.

The feathered people soon came by the hundreds and thousands. This meant food for Spot, although he had never killed his food, for his master had either caught or shot it. He soon learnt the habit of going to the birds'

roosting places at night to get his food. The wolf instinct awoke in Spot, as his strength returned. He was the largest animal left on the island.

The birds made their nest, and Spot soon learned to suck eggs, as if he had been any other dog, and, in any other place, a thrashing would have been his medicine for doing this. He was often driven off by a flock of angry birds.

One afternoon, while watching across the water, Spot saw several boats coming to this island. A shiver ran down his spine; then the hair on his back bristled up. Men were coming, his enemies. The rough treatment and cruelty that had been shown him made him shy, and so he hid himself behind some trees, and waited for the men to arrive. These men were hunters and were after birds. Spot watched them, but in his heart he wanted their friendship. He was afraid they would be like his master. If they had had dogs with them, Spot would have made friends. Instead, he crept to the other side of the island and stayed for several days after they left.

A few weeks passed, and yet there was no sign of his teammates. In his dog-heart he was as lonely as a deserted dog could be.

One morning, a few days later, Spot saw a small canoe coming. The waves were rocking and tossing it, as it made its way to the lonely island.

The dog, crouching in a clump of scraggly willows, watched the canoe come into the shallow water. The man took it out of the water, hid the boat in some small willows, and then went toward the old camp site. The light breeze brought the scent of the man to Spot. His hair stiffened, and he crouched still lower in the grass and willows, for the man was Clifford.

Spot watched his master from behind the shrubbery, day after day, as he set his traps and nets to catch wild ducks, geese and other birds. Clifford was always careful to keep out of sight, and every once in a while he would stop and look across the water, as if he was looking for someone. When his game pounch and canoe were filled, he went back down the coast, only to return again in a few days to catch wild game.

Spot became so lonesome that it was impossible for him to stay hidden any longer. He crawled out from some willows, and stood upon a rock watching his master. Clifford saw him and called, but the fear in Spot's heart was too great and he would not come. Clifford only showed kindness and tried his best to coax his dog to him. Spot would circle around and watch, but would always cut at a safe distance.

Soon his master went down the coast again. When he returned, instead of Spot's hair bristling up, his tail beat a tattoo on the ground. Clifford saw him and whistled. Spot could not resist his master's call. He had forgotten the cruelty shown him. They were good friends again. The next time Clifford went down the coast Spot went too. When they returned, his master seemed all out of temper worse than be-

fore, and Spot was afraid he might be cruel again. Clifford stopped catching birds with his traps and nets, but used his gun.

One day a boat was seen coming toward the island, and Clifford hid and watched it, as the boat went along the shore with its members on board. They were game wardens looking for hunters. Spot saw the dogs on board and whined, and his master at once kicked him. The old hatred and memory of how he was treated in the past all came back to his mind. He ran out from behind the trees, and down to the shore, barking as he went. His master dared not shoot him because then he would give away his hiding place.

The attention of the men on the boat was attracted by the dog. One man recognized him as the dog that he had seen with Clifford some time before.

The man came ashore, and one man brought his dogs with him, and by his kind voice Spot finally made friends with him.

Clifford ran, and hid in the middle of the island in some oaks. Little had he thought that his own dog would give him away as he had done.

The men and dogs then searched the island and found Clifford's hiding place, but not by Spot's aid, for he stayed near the shore and could not be coaxed away. They went back to the camp and found all the game Clifford had to carry down the coast on his next trip. He was wanted in many places for killing birds out of season.

When they came to the boat, Spot growled, showed his teeth, and crouched ready to spring at his master, but an officer caught him by the collar. Clifford cursed under his breath.

One of the men said that he thought the dog barked because he was getting revenge.

REST

By Janie Ruffin

Rest is a pure white, pearly crown,
Labor's best reward
Hovering o'er a weary town.

Rest is a precious ointment we find,
Soothing adorous nard,
Fragrance lightly waft'd on the wind.

Rest is a fleecy ermine gown
Trimmed with diamonds and sard,
Soft and light as thistle down.

Rest is given the gentle and kind—
Oft 'tis sung by the bard.
Tranquil repose of body and mind.

BOOTLEGGERS

By Elise Brown

Have you ever wondered why bootleggers, like listerine, are always considered a joke in most senses of the word?

They are, under all circumstances, deliberate breakers of the law, and still they are laughed at, joked about, and referred to as something extremely funny. Whenever a person is classified as a bootlegger, nine times out of ten we laugh, and even if we don't we want to. There's something comical about it that makes us smile at least.

While on this modern subject of bootleggers I'll mention one particular thing which has caused a great many jokes.

In a certain county, not so far from here, is a jail, new and modern, and generally crowded, and it is amusing to know that practically every prisoner confined there has been charged with the violation of the prohibition law. They are nearly all respectable looking men, always well dressed, and with a clean appearance. Most of them are well educated, and think it no disgrace at all to be in jail on account of prohibition.

But the funny part is that these men have named their haven of rest by the comical name of "Bootleggers' Inn," and have had several articles published in a local paper just as a club would do.

And again, have you ever noticed a large handsome car with a rather flashy person at the wheel, of whom someone with an unusual amount of wit would remark:

"Oh! look at our bootleg friend"?

And quite naturally you laughed.

Thus we are amused; and while we would never laugh at hearing one called a thief or murderer, the bootlegger, also in jail for breaking a law, is considered one of the most comical persons of the time.

I sometimes think it is because of that certain law they are breaking. In some respects it has seemed to have been overdone and therefore is to some a silly idea.

Nevertheless, whether it is due to this law or not, bootlegging is a comical occupation rarely ever looked at in a serious way. And who of us doesn't enjoy calling someone we don't especially admire a bootlegger? It is satisfying at least to think how he got his new car.

A FRIEND

By Lucy Pilcher

I am sitting and thinking how sad I am today,
The world, it seems, has no more use for me,
I only wish that I could go away;
Never again this same old place to see.
I've tried so hard in all that I have done,
To succeed in anything—its seems I'll never,
There's nothing I can say that I have won,
I'll go away, no one will miss me ever.
But then, I think; I really have one friend.
A truer one could never again be found.
There's never a time his aid he would not lend.
To stay with him I feel that I am bound.
Oh, Joy! how grand it is a friend to claim;
How grand it seems to even call his name.

WANTED—A WELL-DRESSED WIFE

By William Hawkins

"For my sake, take this, and buy yourself something decent looking to wear," said James Lewis to his wife, handing her a check.

"But the kids—they need—"

"For yourself, I said. The kids will be attended to later."

"Very well, Jimmy," answered his wife, Jane, who, for once in her life didn't find it hard to be dutiful. She folded the check, gave James a good-by kiss, and sent him on his way to begin the morning's work.

Jim always caught the subway in the morning, leaving the car at home for Jane. No reason at all, since Jane hardly ever used it. And so, we find Jimmy, now the dignified and reserved young Mr. Lewis, stepping off the limited. Unconsciously, as he stepped off, his eyes fell on a trim little hat, fitting nicely and snugly on a cute little head, and then betook themselves over the rest of a trim and neat little costume that graced a fair form.

"Gosh," sighed Jim, "If Jane only would dress like that."

All through the day's work that one glimpse of a neat little figure

stayed with him, augmented at lunch time by catching another sight of it fleeting around a corner. He went home that night strangely pre-occupied, and paid scant attention to Jane or her talk of how the dog had overturned the kennel, or of the baby's new tooth, and so on.

The next morning he started to town with a high resolve, to find out who this wonderful specimen was, and to try to get her acquainted with Jane, if possible, for her good. So he boarded the same limited, and, alighting with a quick glance around, he glimpsed the "ideal in dress" again, this time coming down the street, toward him.

Jim thought fast, trying to shape his course, to figure out some way of accosting her, and was so occupied, until she went to step into a familiar-looking car not two feet from him.

A sharp glance, and then—

"Jane!"

"Why hello, Jimmy, I beat the limited into town this morning."

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"When, where, how?"

"Oh, you poor dummy, don't you think your wife can look as well as any one else? Yes, I planned it all, so now, confess, you didn't even recognize me, did you?"

"Nope," quoth James, "but I'll never be fooled again."

THE WINDS

By Fred Cole

Oh child of March, and yet still more,
Oh child of the wind,
You are warm and gay today,
Delightfully kind.

Tomorrow while the wind of March
Blows cold and drear,
You too are sad and sullen
Who once were dear.

And just as does the wind of March
The Spring inspire.
To me you are all love and joy,
Creature of fire.

JEALOUSY

By Leroy Tench

To my mind, jealousy is one thing that no person is lacking for, this deadly thing that attacks all, but has no cure. It amuses me to see how jealousy works upon one. Yet, if you should call his or her attention to the fact, he would stoutly deny that he was ever even subject to jealousy.

I call to mind one of the cartoons seen in the papers some time ago. A young lady had bought a new dress and had immediately given it to the cook. You being questioned about her act, she said that a neighbor had just bought one like it, and that her cook went by the neighbor's house every day.

One should think there would be an attempt to rid the world of jealousy, but what is in demand by the public cannot be abolished.

I went to a movie the other day and as a result saw two heart entwined lovers placed in many perplexing conditions by a jealous man who had lost the girl's favor. The house was filled to capacity, so you may see that jealousy there was in demand by the people.

This reminds me of one of the important battles of the Civil War. A captain was given orders to hold his line back, while another made an attack upon the enemy. The captain refused and went headlong into battle and lost it.

I was walking down the street the other morning and stopped to watch a man who was feeding one of his pet dogs. As he was feeding one ,another stood off and continued looking, afraid to approach, but with eyes as green as grass with jealousy. That dog reminded me greatly of a human being, not that a human being looked like a dog, but because a human being acts so much as that dog did when someone else gets the prize.

Jealousy is not a small thing, but one that involves all from the little baby in the cradle to the large nations of the world. I might add here that, from my viewpoint, the recent World War was caused by the jealousy of one man, a man who was not satisfied but wanted more.

I have often wondered why some genius, in these days of inventions and experimentation, would not try to find a cure for jealousy. Perhaps they are trying to do so, for who may tell what is going on in secret laboratories? Possibly some cure may be found.

But, upon further thought, it makes me shudder to think what some persons would do if they had nothing to be jealous of.

SORROW

By Elsie Brown

Oh life is dark to me today,
And with its horrors pressing down
I crave to die and drift away
Where only happiness can abound.

I'm tired, so tired of all this life,
Of disappointment, grief, and fate;
Oh ! that there would be no tomorrow,
With cutting tongues so full of hate.

At night with tears my eyes are wet,
For love has cut my heart in two,
And I, with no relief as yet,
Just wish that life with me were through.

THE ATHEIST

By Whitworth Cotten

Great men have lived,
Who thought that they
Had conquered all
That came their way;
But now they rest
Beneath the sod;
And yet he says,
"There is no God."

He sees the sea,
The mountains high,
Insects that crawl,
The birds that fly,
The violet sweet,
The golden rod;
And yet he says,
"There is no God."

There is the moon,
There is the sun,
There are the stars,
When the day is done.
What causes these
Except our God?
And yet he says,
"There is no God."

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ARTHUR E. DANCE

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARY BRADSHER EDITH RICHARDSON

EDWARD WYATT MAE McIVOR

BUSINESS MANAGER

GEORGE B. FIELD

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

WILLIAM FARINHOLT PRESTON HOY

CIRCULATION MANAGER

ALEXANDER BRYANT

ASSISTANT CIRCULATION MANAGER

THEO. THOMAS

EDITORIAL COMMENT

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

The old slogan, "It pays to advertise," has been of practical application to almost any form of activity, either commercial or social, since way back in the darkest era of time. The Pharaohs advertised, the Medes and Persians made use of advertising; the progeny of Confucius employed it; the Aztecs used it; the Incas found it valuable. In fact, it's hard to find an aboriginal tribe or nation that did not make use of advertising. No, perhaps they all didn't call it advertising; it's very doubtful if any of them gave a moment's thought to the reason why they advertised, yet all of them did advertise more or less.

One could buy a house and lot in any city with what the Lambert Pharmacies pay for advertising a twenty-five-cent tube of tooth-paste, or a bottle of Listerine, or with what the Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company expends daily to advertise a fifteen-cent package of cigarettes. Still, it pays to advertise.

After all this circumlocution, let's get to the point: It Pays To Advertise. That's the point of the Commercial world; let's make it the point of our school activities. We believe in putting business into anything, but not so much that you sacrifice the pa-

tient for the remedy.

Perhaps school activities are advertised the least in comparison with their importance than any other thing. It may seem to you that they shouldn't need advertising, but we are going to convince you of your misapprehension of the term advertising.

The word advertise means to inform publicly. When our team won the game with Central High of Washington there weren't half the people down there to appreciate the victory of Petersburg as there should have been. Those who were there certainly enjoyed it, and those who were somewhere else should regret it. Everything of any importance, the automobile show, the dances, the suppers and banquets, and the like, are advertised freely, and usually they have large attendances. In spite of our efforts, nearly all of Petersburg is ignorant of the fact that there is going to be a game or a play at the High School until it is all over.

We realize that there is considerable cost attached to advertising, yet most of the students of the Petersburg High School live in Petersburg, and most of the business concerns of the city have sons or daughters representing them in school, and the city as a whole certainly ought to feel inclined to do a little toward helping the High School advertise, not just a game or two, but everything.

There has been a marked increase in the interest manifested in the last season's work at school, and we feel sure those who are aiding this movement do not in any way regret it.

The High School is not calling on the public to do the advertising, but just help us in whatever way you can and will.

A. E. D.

The School Magazine.

The school magazine is an institution which has a most important place among the student activities. It may be made a medium of personal expression, a very true reflection of the school which it represents. No other activity affords better opportunities for exhibiting the ability of the student body along creative lines, and no other activity can be made a source of more enjoyment for its supporters.

The attitude of the school to its magazine is an important factor. If the periodical is to be successful, there must be co-operation and support. Without these essentials it will be a failure. However, co-operation and support do not consist in merely buying one or even more subscriptions. While this is vitally necessary, there is something even more important. To derive the greatest pleasure from his magazine the student must enter whole-heartedly into its production. He must feel that he has an active part in bringing it out.

There are numerous ways in which this may be done. First of all, the idea that the literary work is supplied solely by the classes must be broken down. In some cases students feel that they can support the business end and the humor department, but bear the

illusion that the literary field is closed to them. This is not so. If the poems, essays and stories come from the classes alone, it is because the students at large do not send in contributions.

Another question arises: Why must one support the magazine? One answer can be given. The school magazine is a thing to be enjoyed to the fullest extent, and if it is not worth one's while, there is no moral obligation which demands his support. And right here lies the point of the thing. Each student must strive to make it worth his while, and if it fails, then the failure reflects on him and he is personally responsible.

E. A. W.

Teacherless Study Halls.

The question of Teacherless Study Halls is at present of vital importance to everyone in the High School. As everybody knows, it is being tried out in the library. Will it be a success?

It must be a success, and it will be one if all of the pupils will do their utmost to try to make it a success.

If it should fail, what would the people of Petersburg say? They would at once say that the pupils of P. H. S. couldn't be trusted, and this would be a reputation that it would take the school years to live down. It would never do to establish such a reputation because it would be a burden on the future pupils coming into the school to wipe away a blot on the school record that they had had no part in. The pupils of the school wouldn't be good sports if they allowed such a thing to happen.

Let's try to keep more quiet in the library so that we can make the present experiment a success. If we make it a success in 209, it will be extended to the other study halls, and we shall be trusted more. Everybody likes to be trusted, so let's try to keep from having teachers in the study halls.

M. McI.

LITTLE MISSILES

Fear

By Osborne Birdsong

When into your classroom you slowly walk,
And your heart is all a-fluttering,
And everyone is turned 'round in his desk,
And with his neighbor is muttering,
Then you glance through the window out into the street,
And all appears so gay;
But you sadly turn back to meet your fate,
For you're sure of a test today.

You open your book to take one last glance,
At the thing you're sure of

having;
And close it again without any hope,
While your mind within you is raving.

Then slowly you see the teacher rise,
And shuddering you glance at the ceiling;
Then, smiling he starts on the lesson for that day,
It's a grand and glorious feeling.

J. Goodman: "Did you see that girl smile at me?"

K. Hennessey: "That's nothing! The first time I saw you, I laughed out loud."

Sue to "Ookie": "Oh, what a darling tie! I wish I had a dress made out of that!"

Mr. Powers: "Miss Bernard, put your address down."

Irene blushingly pulled down her dress.

Mother: "Young man, I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!"

Young Man: "Thank you, but I already know how."

Louise: "What is a sheik?"

Elise: "A sheik is a guy what gives his girl a nickel drink and then tries to squeeze it out of her on the way home."

Mae: "Have you seen Ann's new engagement ring?"

Helen: "Sure, I wore it all last summer."

Mr. Powers: "Was Macbeth courageous in doing what his wife proposed?"

"Buck" Tipton: "Naw, he was just henpecked."

Robert Andrews: "The typewriter has but one fault. The darn thing won't spell."

Bubber Collier translating Spanish, "and the mother shrieked a screaming cry."

Miss Lewis (at desk during test): "I wish someone would suggest a way to keep you pupils away from this desk with all these needless questions."

Bright Pupil: "Eat onions, ma'am."

"Where are you from?"

"I'm from England."

"You speak good English for a foreigner."

Miss Cook: "What happened after Napoleon died?"

Bright Pupil: "He was buried."

Mr. Holmes: "If I drop this quarter into this solution will it dissolve?"

Voice from rear: "If it would, you wouldn't drop it in."

It's easy to smile
When you're full of style,
And overflowing with money;
But the chap worth while
Is the one who can smile
When the other guy ain't funny.

Billy Beach: My girl got so

cold last night I had to make her a coat of arms.

Mr. Pettit: "I don't believe that Lord Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare because he wouldn't have wanted Shakespeare's name broadcasted in connection with his works."

Bernard: "I didn't know they had radios in those days."

Bubber says that judging from the way Mr. Freas coached Andrew Shapiro to embrace Helen Rahily in *Why Smith Left Home,* he would make quite a good host for a petting party.

Miss Wilkie: "Why was Helen of Troy so beautiful?"

Elise: "Well, you see she got all of her clothes from Paris."

Bill Farinholt: "What part of an auto causes the most accidents?"

D. L. Stith: "The nut that holds the steering wheel."

Mary: "Wonder where the fleas go in the winter?"

John: "Search me!"

Will: "Watch out, Bill! Don't strike that match on the gas tank."

Bill: "It's all right. This is a safety match."

Mr. Holmes in chemistry class: "Mr. Ridout, what does Hg O yeild?"

Charlie: "Ho ÷ G."

Since Mr. Holmes lost his star 4-H Physics class, of which Joliff, Irvine and Hawkins were members, Little Missiles have become very scarce.

"Why can't you learn how to drive your Ford?"

"I get too badly rattled."

Mr. Holmes: "Where is iron found?"

R. Townes: "At the iron foundry, of course."

Mr. Miller: "Why don't you answer me?"

K. Watkins: "I shook my head."

Mr. Miller: "Well, I couldn't hear it rattle over here."

Irvine: "Where did you get that bump on your head?"

Bowman: "O! That's where a thought struck me."

Muss Guerrant, the day following inauguration: "Mr. Field, what important event took place in Richmond yesterday?"

Miss Hennessey: "Mr. Byrd flew into office."

Miss Cooper: "Now, Miss Davies, will you please name for me three things which contain starch?"

Mildred: "Two cuffs and a collar."

Miss Lewis : "What is the difference between a long and a short ton?"

Mr. Rennie: "A long ton is what you order and a short ton is what you get."

Miss Guerrant: "Miss Bois-

seau, run up the curtain."
A. Boisseau: "I'm no fly."

In Biology class:
Miss Fields: "Mr. Melvin, what is dew point?"
Melvin: "A little factory in Hopewell."

Mr. Pettit: "Mr. Hodnett, are you laughing at me?"
Paul H. "No, sir."
Mr. Pettit: "Well, what else is there to laugh at?"

Slim: "What must I wear over the week-end?"
Jim: "I would suggest a hat."

"THREE NUTS"

"Betsy" may fancy that senor James
Is a marvelous master of diction;
"Boots" may take terrific delight
In the True Story Magazine fiction;
"Bet" may not have a thought in her head
To startle an erudite guy with it;
All three may be dead from their feet to their head,
But their faces will pass and get by with it.
—Composed by "Boots," "Betsy" and "Bet."

SCRAPS

The boys' basketball team for this season has gone up against some of the strongest teams in the State. So far they have played thirteen games and lost only three. On February 12th they played the strong team from John Marshall and defeated them. To defeat the team from John Marshall has been the High School's greatest ambition, or at least it seemed so after seeing that bunch of High School pupils parading down the middle of Sycamore Street, telling the town of their victory.

On February 26th the Crimson Wave defeated the Central High School of Washington, 23 to 13.

The school has given excellent support at all of the games, and now that the baseball season is coming on we want to show the same spirit.

The girls' basketball team has certainly done some good work this year. So far they have played six games and lost only one. Three of the games have been played at home, and both the student body and the city have shown excellent support by attending the games. The scores were as follows:

P. H. S., 34; Kenbridge, 16.
P. H. S., 29; Kenbridge, 16.
P. H. S., 15; Collegiate, 29.
P. H. S., 37; John Marshall, 16.
P. H. S., 31; St. Catherine, 13.
P.H. S., 42; Chester, 2.

The Senior Class gave its play, entitled "Why Smith Left Home," by George Broadhurst, on February 26th. This play has been given at other places, but never before has it been more successful. The auditorium, although seating over a thousand persons, was crowded. The music, which was furnished by the Domino Orchestra, added another great attraction to the evening.

The annual declamation contest was held at the regular Tuesday assembly, February 23rd.

The contestants were Sara Wice, of the school, who recited "Sweet Brier Rose;" Dorothy Stratton, of the school, who recited "Cherokee Rose;" Kathleen Hennessey, of the Daniel Society, reciting "The Gypsy Flower Girl;" and William Irvine, of the Daniel Society, reciting "Emmett's Speech Before the House of Lords." The winner was Kathleen Hennessey, who will receive a prize of five dollars, the interest on money given for this purpose by the June graduating class of 1920.

The Daniel Literary Society elected for its officers for this term: William Irvine, president; John Meade, vice-president; and Kathleen Hennessey, treasurer.

The Daniels have been holding very interesting meetings and Mr. Pettit has given some helpful criticisms.

The Daniels were well represented in the declamation contest and will try hard for the State-wide contest.

The Page Literary Society has been working hard on a debate between the Page and Daniel Societies and later between the high schools of Virginia. The question for debate is: "Resolved, that the direct primary in electing State officers is preferable to that of conventions." The winners were Preston Hoy and Charles Barksdale, who will debate against Lester Bowman and George Cameron; the winners will represent the Page Society.

E. R.

ELECTRIC SERVICE

—Is The—

CHEAPEST ITEM

IN THE FAMILY BUDGET

ELECTRIC

LABOR-SAVING

APPLIANCES

Virginia Electric and Power Co.

ELECTRIC BUILDING

Petersburg, Va.

GEO. W. HARRISON COMPANY

—FOR—

GUNS AND SHELLS

FISHING TACKLE

18 North Sycamore Street

LUM'S KODAK DEPARTMENT

"The Sign of Quality"

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— **Furniture**

"Service With a Smile"

BOWMAN'S PHARMACY

C. POWELL LUM, Prop.

Bank and Market Streets

PETERSBURG, ---------- VIRGINIA

"Get it at Bowman's"

289—PHONES—9079

"THE OLD RELIABLE"

PETERSBURG FURNITURE CO., Inc.

"Home Furnishers

PHONE 223 ——"YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD"

A. J. Winfield, Manager 100 North Sycamore St.

MODEL LAUNDRY

48 South Union Street (Near Halifax)

Our plant is open for inspection at all times. You will be interested to know how your linen is handled. Come and see for yourself

C. E. and W. A. WILLIAMSON, Props.

PETERSBURG MOTOR CO., Inc.

AUTHORIZED DEALERS

LINCOLN—FORD—FORDSON

CARS—TRUCKS—TRACTORS

30 South Sycamore Street Phones 873-874

PETERSBURG, VA.

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

"Walk-Over Shoes"

For Men and Wonem

C. B. NUNNALLY SHOE CO.

DISTRIBUTOR

50 Years of Shoe Service

19 North Sycamore Street

Our Specialty

HIGH SCHOOL SUITS

With Two Pair Pants

$25.00—$30.00—$35.00

NEW YORK CLOTHING COMPANY

LUNCH SODA

THE PALMS LUNCHEONETTE

Faultless Ice Cream

CANDY **WHITMAN'S CANDIES** CIGARS

RUCKER DRY GOODS COMPANY

The Store Where Quality

Reigns Supreme

SOLICITS A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

"The Home of Better Eyesight"

C. B. SMITH OPTICAL COMPANY, Inc.

Optometrists

8 North Sycamore Street Phone 2419

WEINBERG'S

Men's and Boys' Clothes,
Furnishings,
Hats and Shoes
237 N. SYCAMORE ST.

HARLOW-HARDY COMPANY, Inc.

FURNITURE, STOVES, FLOOR
COVERINGS, Etc.

PHONE 919 134 W. BANK STREET

JAS. Y. BRANCH, Inc.

SPORTING GOODS

Guns, Bicycles, Edison Phonographs, Toys
and Camera Supplies

ROSENSTOCK BLOCK SYCAMORE ST.
V. R. Beachy, Proprietor

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

THE ARK

EVERYTHING

THAT'S ALL

CHARLES CAVELLI

Electrical Shoe Repairs

FIRST CLASS WORK—BEST MATERIAL

—Prompt Service—

205 1-2 North Sycamore Street

The
WHITE SCHOOL of BUSINESS

GEORGE LUDLOW WHITE, PRESIDENT — PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

OFFERS THOROUGH COURSES IN BUSINESS AND SECRETARIAL TRAINING
WRITE, CALL OR PHONE 659 FOR CATALOG AND FULL PARTICULARS

T. S. BECKWITH & COMPANY

Engraving

Books, Stationery and Office Supplies

Visiting Cards, Announcements, Wedding Invitations

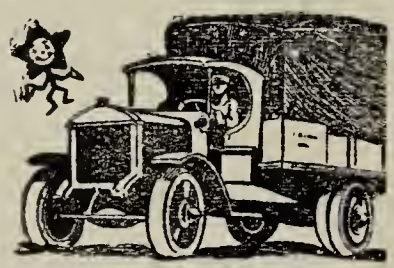
Crests, Monograms

Engraved in the Latest Styles

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

W. C. Jones
CLOTHING COMPANY INC.
CLOTHING HATS FURNISHINGS

FOR THE SCHOOL MISS
Can Be Seen at
Ready-to-Wear
ROSENSTOCK'S
One of Virginia's Best Stores



AT YOUR SERVICE

MOVING
Do not stand in fear and dread of moving day. Tellus in advance your moving plans and we will execute them with speed and satisfaction at lowest rates.
"We Aim To Please"
Gresham & Ware, Inc.
Phone 128 128 N. Market St.

The National Bank of Petersburg
ORGANIZED 1886
The Oldest National Bank in Southside Virginia
We invite teachers and students to deposit with Us
We Pay 4% Interest on Savings Accounts

Chas. E. Plummer, president
W. L. Venable, vice-president
W. D. Franklin, vice-president
E. H. Beasley, cashier
S. I. Bragg, Asst. Cashier
F. H. Plummer, asst. Cashier

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

BLUEBIRD THEATRE

Petersburg's Best Photoplay House

—Modern In Every Respect—

FIRST RUN PICTURES—BEST OF MUSIC

WE NEVER ADVANCE OUR ADMISSION

Daily From 1:00 to 11:00 P. M.

Fashion Park **Michaels-Stern**

CLOTHES

BLACKER BROS.

—"Young Men's Shop"—

221 N. SYCAMORE STREET PETERSBURG, VA.

THE MORRIS PLAN BANK

A STATE BANK

121 North Sycamore Street

—5% ON SAVINGS 5%—

WARING

15 N. SYCAMORE STREET

The home of nationally advertised men's and young men's furnishings

Originality—Quality—Values

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— **Furniture**

If It's in Our Window
It's in Style

JORDAN AND MOORE

12 N. Sycamore Street

NEW

Class Rings and Class Pins

SCHOOL TROPHIES,

COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS

20% lower than before.

State Agent for BELTS and BUCKLES for High Schools

Pilcher
The Jeweler Inc.

JEWELRY

of Quality and Beauty, are plentiful here

GELLMAN'S INC.

232 Sycamore Street. **Terms if Desired**

THE VIRGINIA NATIONAL BANK

Solicits Your Account

Capital $1,000,000.00 Surplus $250,000.00

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

BUY YOUR SPORTING GOODS

—AT—

CHAS. LEONARD HDWE. COMPANY

Bank Street Phone 2300

Service, Quality, Dependability

Petersburg Builders' Supply Co., Inc.

When You Build Your Home

Build it in Quality

Phone 783 Market Street

LAVENSTEIN'S

"WHERE MOST PEOPLE TRADE"

"IN THE HEART OF PETERSBURG"

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

IF You Want

What You Want

When You Want It

PHONE 16

C. E. RIDENOUR

DRUGGIST

School Supplies

445 South Sycamore Street

MECHANICS' TOOLS

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

PAINTS AND VARNISHES

JOYNER HARDWARE CO.

400 N. Sycamore Street

LEADERSHIP IN EVERY LINE

PIANOS—PLAYER PIANOS

VICTROLAS—VICTOR RECORDS

Musical Instruments
Sheet Music

The Corley Company,

23 West Washington Street

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Wants Everybody

To Boost

PETERBURG

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

WE MOVE
ANYTHING
ANYWHERE
ANYTIME

—MOVING—
Our customers stipulate what they want, we carry out their instructions. This is a service that was clearly designed for our patrons' convenience. Prices Low:—Service Assured.

"We Aim to Please"
GRESHAM & WARE, Inc.
128 N. Market Street PHONE 128

Established 1860

PETERSBURG SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

Capital $1,000,000.00

Farinholt
CANDIES
WASHINGTON ST.
PETERSBURG, VA.
27 WEST
WASHINGTON ST.

Made Fresh Every Day
ICE CREAM — — SODA

Talmage Furniture Company
"The Little Store With a Big Stock"
EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME
301-303 HALIFAX STREET
Opposite Liberty Street

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

FOR

Safety, Service and Satisfaction

Patronize The

UNION TRUST & MORTGAGE CO.

The Big Friendly Bank

4% interest on Savings Accounts

6% Interest on First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds.

JOHN W. LONG, President

HEADQUARTERS FOR UP-TO-THE-MINUTE

FOOTWEAR

In Men's, Boys', Women's and Children's Shoes

J. O. JAMES SHOE COMPANY

24 North Sycamore Street

GET RE-SOLED IN OUR REPAIR SHOP

——GAS——

Always at Your Service

NIGHT AND DAY

Use It But Do Not Waste It

RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE

FOR MEN

1830 **Ashland, Va.** **1925**

Prepares men for the study of law, Medicine, Applied Sciences and the Ministry. Confers degrees B. S., A. B. and A. M. Strong faculty. All students, especially first-year men, given personal attention by full professors.

For particulars apply

R. E. Blackwell, A. M., LL. D.,
President

S. C. Hatcher, D. D.
Vice President and Secretary-Treasurer

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

STANDARD SHOE COMPANY

"For Better Shoes"

242 North Sycamore Street

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE

Ladies and Misses Ready-to-Wear

Better Values For Less Money

H. WICE

126 North Sycamore St.

We make a specialty of Boys' Long Pants and Boys' Short Pants Suits.
The kind that is made along correct lines
THE NEW WIDE BOTTOM TROUSERS—ONE AND TWO PAIR TO THE SUIT
All Other Boys' Fixings Too

EIGENBRUN BROS.

YOUR CLOTHIER

A. & P. BAKERY

Andrews & Pritchett, Proprietors

Family Bread, Biscuits and Rolls, Vienna and Rye, Cakes and Pies of all Kinds

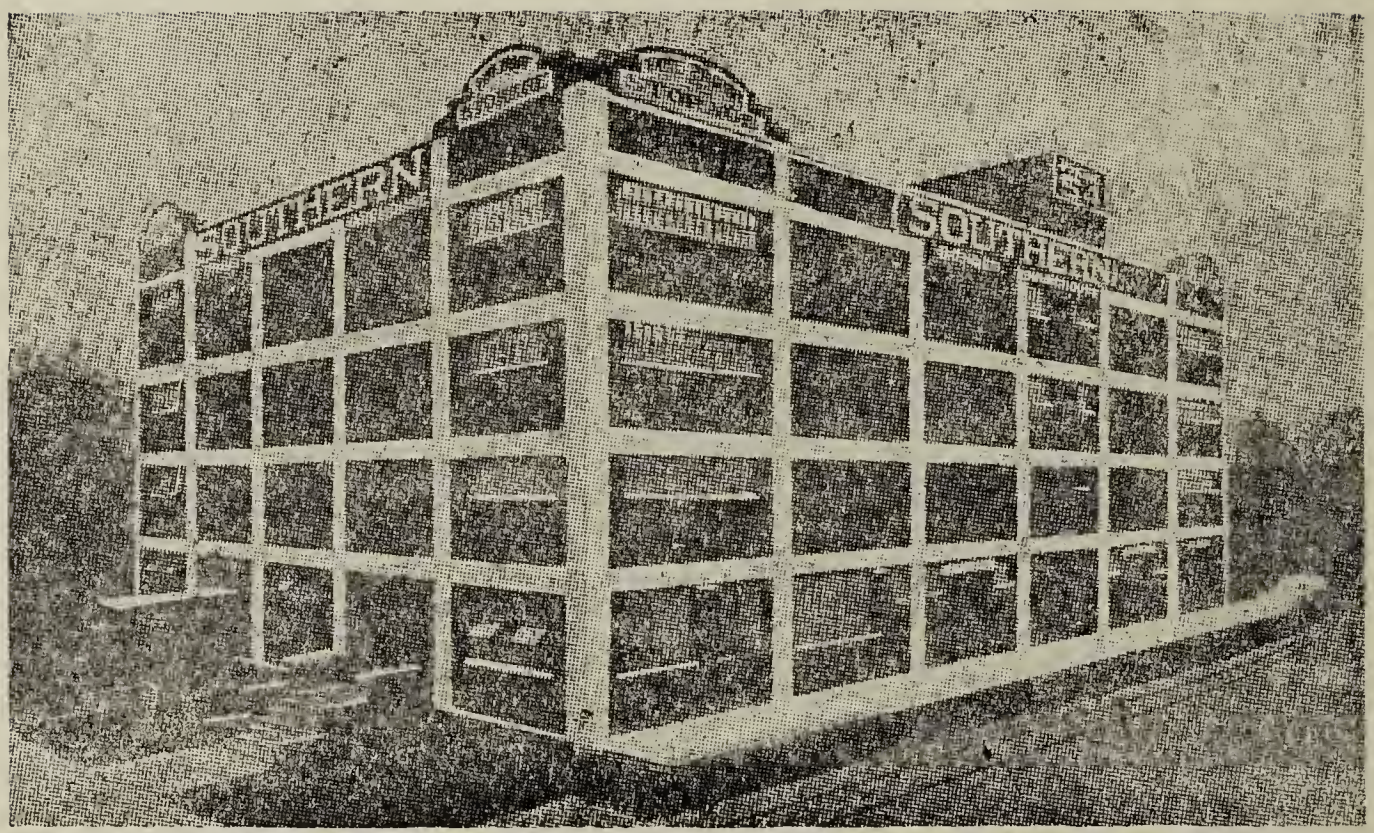
PHONE 564 **35 S. SYCAMORE STREET**

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

STORAGE
FIREPROOF
MOTHPROOF

PHONE
54

MOVING
LOCAL
LONG DISTANCE



ONE DOLLAR—

Starts the Account that starts you in

Business. Deposit your Dollar with

AMERICAN BANK & TRUST CO.

William B. McIlwaine, president — Edward Eigenbrun, vice-president

R. E. Lunsford, vice-president — P. E. Purdue, asst. cashier

Wallace D. Blanks, cashier — Chas. M. Gilliam, Jr., Ins. Dept.

C. C. Cashon, new business

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. —— Furniture

Blowing Bubbles!

Trying to conduct a business without advertising, advertising well considered, well written, well designed and well printed, is childlike, bubble-blowing effort. To be successful, the merchant or the professional man MUST make himself, his wares or his ability, known. To be known, favorably known, is the biggest asset known to business. The art and science of making known is the printer's business. He is the specialist who moves your wares or your skill into dollars. Stop blowing bubbles by yourself. Go to Owen Printing Co., consider their ways and be wise.

1258-J

Owen Printing Co.

EVERYTHING IN PRINTING

Patronize Our Advertisers.

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO. -:- **Furniture**